THE COMMONWEAL

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MR. MORGAN'S SHOW

THE HOUSE of Morgan is inhabited by gentlemen. As a consequence the nation has been given a quite impressive course in etiquette by a Senate Committee investigation during which the teachers all but put their feet on the table and passed around cheroots. Mr. Morgan, flanked by counsel which included a former Democratic candidate for the Presidency, announced that his intimate friends had included a former Republican President of the United States. Mr. Morgan exchanged urbanities with the foremost Democratic senator, and witticisms with some of the most eminent Republican senators. The gentleman transcends party lines—transcends, indeed, almost everything else. And it is impossible to deny that the nation at large has been amused, interested and secretly flattered by the fact that the greatest amongst its financiers rode to Washington and sat down to explain what he had been doing recently.

This is possibly the most important aspect of the investigations which have filled the newspapers during the past week. The house of Morgan is the nearest thing to royalty which exists in this country. It thrives on a basis of acquired and inherited privilege; it expresses itself in terms of the personality. People appreciate the many courtesies it has to offer. When during the past fifteen years, the house found it desirable to float issues of highly speculative stock, it presented low-priced shares to virtually everybody in a position to appreciate that sort of favor. Mr. Woodin received a bundle, Mr. Norman Davis received a bundle—indeed, the recipients of bundles are too numerous to mention. For our part, we hold nothing against anybody for having accepted the compliment. We have traveled pretty widely throughout the country in our time, and we have yet to meet a person who would have turned Mr. Morgan down. And what is more important, perhaps, Mr. Morgan hates being turned down.

But the prince is always a problem. He is inconsistent with perfect and complete equality as insisted upon, in theory, by a democracy. Approached from this side, Mr. Morgan presents a decided puzzle, the solution of which is by no means as easy as it may seem. We shall try to present the matter as objectively as possible. What then are the advantages which the existence

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of the house of Morgan affords the community? It is first of all financially interested in many of the leading corporations. We cannot go over the list here. Suffice it to say that it has a stronger grip on the nation's business than any other financial institution. One can argue plausibly that the control exerted by the Morgan group has in several respects been constructive and even wholesome.

Again, the Morgans issue securities. The total of bond issues floated after 1919 runs into the billions, and the record is astonishingly good. With a few exceptions, this paper has resisted the depression—a statement which can be made for few bond houses or banks, even those which presumably had the benefit of careful supervision under state or federal banking laws. It would, of course, not pay the house of Morgan (fantastic ventures in stock flotation notwithstanding) to deal in the variegated junk which dapper salesmen palmed off on the great American public. The fundamental asset is a reputation; and though this has done the man in the street precious little good (the Morgans do business only with those who have been properly introduced), it must be conceded that if the rest of the United States had been one-tenth as careful of its good name the land would not be dotted with widows and orphans whose nest egg has turned out to be a celluloid dummy.

All this is on the credit side of the ledger. Now for the debits. We do not forget the declarations of papal encyclicals anent the "financial tyranny" which underlies the structure of the modern industrial order. The house of Morgan is a very good thing for its friends. But this is not a nation, this is not a social order, designed exclusively for these friends. And the heaped-up billions of money, credit and influence which is the factual equivalent of the house of Morgan is necessarily defended and exploited not in harmony with but often in diametrical opposition to the clear interests of the common citizen. This statement hardly needs proof. But if just one be required, the attitude of the house toward income taxes must suffice. Everybody who has been to town and ridden on the train knows that the legislation which has been in force was framed to guard against the possibility of confiscatory taxation. It knowingly and willingly afforded the rich investor a chance to scramble through a hole in the fence. Mr. Morgan paid no depression-year income taxes. But the men on small salaries have gradually been maneuvered into a position where the taxes levied against them are actually confiscatory. Taxes on net incomes up to $4,000 threaten to rise to 6 per cent. When one adds the multitudes of other levies exacted by nation, state and city, one sees that the power of the small man to accumulate any property is being systematically undermined. Why has it never occurred to men like Morgan to notice this phenomenon and to reflect upon the serious social consequences involved? Why has the simple truth of the inevitability of reinforced purchasing power to a community hoping to thrive economically never got inside their crania? Simply because they live within a "circle of friends." The prince always does.

Yet here, once more, simple annihilation is not the way out. The people must seek to develop enough courage and wisdom to create a common government pledged to do as much for them, and to do it as honestly, as Mr. Morgan accomplishes for his clientele. Our problem is not essentially how to get rid of him or his peers. It is rather a problem of putting something in their place as far as we ourselves are concerned—of building up, for example, a method for truly democratic participation in industry which does not mean "worker control" but does mean community power to reap the collective social uses of the productive machinery, power to see work and wages as the basic reasons why economic enterprise exists at all. If Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy can be made effective, we shall have some progress toward this goal, provided the masses learn to think clearly and for the common good.

The nation also needs desperately a far more reliable control of the credit structure than is now within reach. This cannot mean only a series of measures to protect investors against fraud and misinformation. Even the best advice about the future of money may be utterly worthless in the face of social and economic convulsions not predictable under our present chaotic system but no doubt in a sense amenable to treatment which reckons wisely with political, economic and ideological realities. Here again the proper target is not an individual but the people. Unless there is somehow developed a wider, more virile concern with the general welfare, the ultimate purpose of all senatorial investigations must be to provide further proof of what fools we continue to be.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Trend of Events

POLITICAL happenings during the past week have been confusing and bewildering. The full gravity of the decision to revoke the gold payment clause in government bonds has been appreciated by newspaper and other commentators, though to the nation at large the occurrence adds just one more to a long list of quandaries. To what extent are we going off the gold standard? The answer is unobtainable. Much seems to depend upon the solution of the war debts problem which the President will sponsor. He has refrained from asking from Congress the now customary "full powers" to deal with this issue, and rumor has it that he

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will appeal to the public for support in an address to be delivered after the present session ends. There is good reason for believing that Mr. Roosevelt is everything else but an isolationist, though committed to driving a hard bargain with those who demand concessions from us. Revoking the gold clause may simply mean that it is planned to offset losses in loans with curtailments of debts. At any rate both phenomena taken together seem to indicate that the battle of financial revaluation is on. The fight promises to be energetic and heated. Before any discussion of tariffs and trade barriers can get under way, the more acute question of indebtedness must be disposed of as equitably as possible. We are inclined to expect that here Mr. Roosevelt will seek to effect a compromise.

As to Beer

THE RADIO speech of Edward P. Mulrooney, chairman of the State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, delivered on May 29, was both timely and wise. It came on the very eve of the date set for the putting into effect of the state beer law—June 1—and had the reassuring sanity of outlook and grasp of essential detail that those who had followed the speaker's previous career as Police Commissioner of New York had learned to expect of him. The speech consisted in part of explanation, and in part of warning. Mr. Mulrooney defined the financial benefits of the law, in that it will create much needed revenues, and will divert money from the lawless element made powerful by the régime of bootlegging; he explained the purpose and necessity of regulating even 3.2 beverages, and the types of establishment to which licenses can be granted under the law; and he pledged his board to endorse no unenforceable legislation. His warnings, perhaps, were more interesting. In promising that the old saloon, "breeding place of vice, crime and corruption," shall not return, but that beer will be sold "under conditions that command the respect of all decent people," he tied up very clearly for his audience the whole problem of decency with an active public support, pointing out in the plainest terms, that the indispensable condition to civilized practice in this matter is a citizenry that has informed itself on the law and extends to its regulating body "a coöperative opinion which will bring to the law the moral obligation of the people of the state." This, indeed, is the one thing necessary to know, and if we have not learned it in the last twelve years, we are a hopeless people. Mr. Mulrooney rounded out his warnings by addressing some of them specifically to the multitude of racketeers hanging about the field; and his very specific instructions that no one can facilitate the granting of license in exchange for a sum of money, by bringing the more legal political racketeer into the focus of his remarks, concluded the subject in the thoroughgoing manner usual to a man who knows his job and always means what he says.

Parents and Children

WE HAVE already alluded to the coming meeting of the Catholic Educational Association. It remains to add that one subject to which special attention will be paid (the scene is to be St. Paul, Minnesota, the date June 26-29) is the Catholic parent teacher. This is the first time that the association has taken official cognizance of this important educational movement, and naturally those who have sponsored it are greatly pleased. We have received from Miss Florence Brown, of St. Paul, the following statement of aims: "This program marks the beginning of a new chapter in the story of Catholic parent-teacher activity. It will feature the presentation of a set of new objectives under which such associations will function and will offer them the new charters under which these objectives may be reached." Those who have encouraged this work are fully aware that mistakes have been made in the name of parent-teacherism, and that the movement as a whole remains a little vague regarding purposes and methods. But they feel (and we join them) that the idea of coöperative education, as a result of which parent does not mar what teacher does or vice versa, is sound and appealing. Properly developed, it should have a magnificent future.

Error in Technique

IN COMMENTING recently on the fact that the French Republicans of the Terror allowed King Louis to appropriate the dramatic and sympathetic rôle at his own execution, by commanding drummers to drown his farewell speech, Mr. Heywood Broun made an excellent general point. If you are going to do something, take an attitude, maintain a principle, said Mr. Broun in effect, do it with grace, with generosity, with brio; above all, don't make it easy, or inevitable, for your hated opponent to exhibit those appealing qualities in contrast to your own lumpishness. These may not be Mr. Broun's phrases, but that, as we gather it, is the drift of his lesson. And an excellent lesson it is, and one we commend to the pacifist students of the College of the City of New York. We cannot profess to judge whether this anti-war group are philosophically and morally convinced of the tenets they proclaim, or whether they are just excited by clichés; nor whether they are justified or not in opposing the R.O.T.C. in City College. "A little of both" is perhaps the best answer to both questions. But, right or wrong in principle, their technique is painfully erroneous. When

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President Robinson of City College entered the stadium the other day to review the R.O.T.C. troops, with a party of guests, many of them ladies, it was ill-judged of the pacifists to surround them in a jeering mob. And it was positively *gauche* of them to allow the doughty academician to belabor them into dispersal with his umbrella. Either they should have noted the umbrella beforehand, and jeered from a safe distance; or, having rushed in, they should have stood their ground under the blows, like the Mahatma's followers under the cudgels of those who carry the White Man's Burden in India. As it is, the hero who emerges in the general mind is a venerable scholar laying about him mightily and scattering his foes with the least martial, the most humble, article of ordinary utility. A laugh, dear young radical friends, can be as deadly as a bullet, if it is aimed in the same direction.

Asking the Children

A CURIOUS comment on large families is offered to the public by Mrs. Walter Ferguson in her column in the *World-Telegram*. Apropos of the couple who were recently crowned with publicity and praise for being the parents of sixteen children, the largest family discoverable in New York, Mrs. Ferguson remarks, in passing on to establish her point that they represent to the right-minded "A Boost for Birth Control": "It may not surprise you to know that they do not live on Park Avenue." Few of us do, alas, but even though we fall below the lofty level of fitness attained by the denizens of that surpassing thoroughfare, we have, perhaps, imagined we had our modest uses in the world. But the pith of Mrs. Ferguson's remarks comes in her compassion for the children of large families. The harrowing picture she draws of their lack of fair human opportunities is, of course, by no means always false, though it is certainly by no means always true, and she does not explain why she applies it, by implication, to the couple in question. The news stories about them did not describe a squalid, poverty-ridden group. But when Mrs. Ferguson pronounces that "the little girl who during her infancy lugs small brothers and sisters about does not view with delight the prospect of spending her maturity at the same thing," she does not know what she is talking about. The child nursemaid is often put upon, but she almost invariably loves her charges; she may be cheated of her childish play, but she does receive a deep development as a human being in affection and the response to affection. That is the chief natural merit of the large family, wherever found, and the problem of the large family which is also poor is no nearer solution from a denial of the fact and the substitution for family love of gilded halls, door-men and chow dogs.

Wheels within Wheels

THE RECRUDESCENCE of roller skating by adults in New York and, we gather from the newspapers, elsewhere too, has like most of these purely mortal manifestations both good and bad features. A sudden fall on concrete pavement with the feet with their shining rollers higher than the head and stops midway, is hard to rationalize as something to do for fun. In New York, runaway adult skaters, like box cars separated from their engines and running down hill, and others mad about speed, have been knocking over children wobbling along decorously at a child's pace. In a newspaper it is reported that it is rumored that an elderly gentleman strolling in the park was struck by a burly skater, carried several feet flattened against the chest of this one and finally rubbed along the sidewalk tearing his clothes. The police have stepped in and with brandished night sticks have herded the skaters above the so-called age of reason into a roped-off coral. The skaters have protested loudly against this segregation and complain particularly of the fact that the region allotted to them has a gradient, so that they are either struggling up hill, which is hard work and no fun on roller skates, or coming down at breakneck acceleration. All of these things present problems that no one can deny. Some years ago, we recall, there was a similar craze in the national capital. When the government bureaus let out in the evening, the streets were thronged by government clerks roller skating to their homes. In the night the whirr of their wheels, and the laughter and shrieking, filled nearly every one of Washington's usually quiet streets. Débutantes and party youths wheeled around and around Dupont Circle like the señoritas and caballeros taking their usual evening turn around the bandstand of the central plaza of a Latin American town. In those days, Washington was especially the haven of electric automobiles, and these small, high, glassed-in cabriolets moved along the locust swarms of skaters brrr-inging their electric bells, and often trailing queues of skaters.

The Saturday Review

RECENTLY the *Saturday Review of Literature* seems to us to have taken a new lease on life. Whether the cause was a flitting of some psychic bodies from the old *Bookman,* which was the *Review's* only remaining counterpart as a purely literary magazine, or whether it was the fact that the *Review* has moved its offices upstairs where presumably the light and air are better, or whether it is the accession of John Chamberlain, formerly of the New York *Times Book Review,* and George Stevens, formerly vice-president of W. W. Norton, it would no doubt be difficult, and for our

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part presumptuous, to say. It may be odious to speak of an esteemed contemporary being ever beyond peradventure of improvement, but we cannot make our point without venturing that it has seemed to us as though the distinguished staff of the *Review* had been settling down to turning out wordage without much hope or *élan vital*. We continued to read it but perseveringly. Now they all suddenly seem to be full of vitamins. Can it be prosperity has burgeoned one of its first shy blooms in the *Review*? They carried a leading editorial not long ago denying that poverty was good for writers. Perhaps this explains something, or does it only heighten the mystery? They alleged that real purse poverty of writers has been a cause of the dark brown tides of discontent and propaganda almost filling the streams of literature. They must have come into something for they have been, it has seemed to us, turning into at least one clear rill of cheerfulness. The effect they give is really something more than cheerfulness; it is a *je ne sais quoi* that attaches to literature itself, to pure literature. Oddly enough this occurs in a more than seasonal doldrums of the publishing business. The *Review's* editorial, its leading article, Cristopher Morley's well-attended "Bowling Green," William Rose Benet's "Phoenix Nest," newly renovated, and other features, including the correspondence, all have it. It makes the *Review* an oasis after so much thesis writing, and for it those who are disinclined to have economics written over the face of all life may be properly thankful.

Brooklyn Bridge

BROOKLYN BRIDGE is now fifty years old, and there have been celebrations in honor of the occasion. To us the event recalls primarily our dear friend and associate, Thomas Walsh, who used to enjoy nothing so much as a leisurely saunter homeward across it at evening. It was for him a bridge not of sighs but of many beauties—even as is one's recollection of him. And so we have enjoyed more than we can say an unusually fine poem, "Brooklyn Bridge," which Mr. Benjamin R. C. Low has dedicated to Tom and in which there is much commemoration of the affection that existed between the two men. In a brief foreword Mr. Low says of his old friend: "Returning from my law office in Manhattan, I used frequently to meet him, coming the other way for a late afternoon walk on Brooklyn Bridge. Half jokingly we once made compact together that the survivor would address the other in verse. The occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Bridge seemed to be a happy one for this purpose. . . . If he be aware of this that I have tried to say to him, I shall dread his critical acumen, but not in the least his charity. He and his twinkle were as inseparable as moonbeams and water. Certainly he will not need assurance from me that his loss is an irreparable one." We shall add the final stanza from what is truly an unforgettably exquisite poem:

> Beyond the tide,
> All in the sunset, where the Brooklyn side
> Breaks into gardens; on a leafy, long
> Magnolia prong
> There is, I know, a bird, whose wounding note,
> Though much diminished to his simple throat,
> Might be your song.

FEAR OF THE MIND

IT WAS Rousseau who said that thinking is a disease, and there can be no more important question for the individual or society than the rightness and wrongness of this assertion. For thinking is a purely human operation and so can be unhealthy or hale. In his recent interesting book, "The Industrial Discipline," Professor Rexford G. Tugwell writes: "Why the workers of this country have never formulated a program, why they have consented to the leadership of the business men to whom they are, in most other matters, opposed, is a question which might well have extended investigation on its own account. It might be said in partial explanation that rank and file workers have not the training even if they have the native intelligence to formulate such a program as is needed . . . To this the British labor movement furnishes a ready and illuminating contrast. The workers there have not been, as ours seem to be, afraid of intelligence."

The fact is clear, though the explanation may be difficult to find. No aspect of the past twenty years of American life is more tragic than the failure of the working population to see that it was being misled—than the pleasure, one might almost say, taken by this population in a supposed emancipation from the necessity to think. While the post-war decades have been tremendously creative and virile everywhere else, by reason precisely of the energy displayed by the group and its leaders, our national culture grew singularly weak and gross. The decade prior to the war was in many ways the most promising in our history; but it ended in nothing more important than sporadic efforts to revive a flame dampened by a continuing downpour of rain.

A state of being "afraid of intelligence" is, however, so characteristic of everything we as a people have recently been or done that surmounting this fear seems an indispensable prelude to recovery in more senses than one. Years ago Henri Bordeaux coined a famous phrase—"the fear of living." It described the tendency to shy away from the burdens and risks imposed by life. Would that someone could lend as great a

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vogue to the practice of stigmatizing our present fear! The higher forms of activity in particular have suffered from the blight, the bad effect upon the religious life being one of the most noticeable and so deserving of attention.

American Protestantism—let us begin with that—suffers from a number of maladies, but primarily from warped thinking. In so far as it is genuinely "American," it hinges upon the small but compact group of people of English descent in whom respect for culture is innate. This group studies and thinks almost automatically. It cherishes a deep regard for truth, and often blends with its gift for ethical speculation a passionate devotion to the beautiful. But when one compares this native endowment with what the Protestant creed has to offer, one is struck by the appalling penury of contemporary theology. In England both wings of the Anglican Church boast a number of brilliant scholars, thinkers and historians. From Dean Inge to Bishop Henson there extends a habit, a tradition, of ripe probity which even an opponent can deeply admire. American Protestantism has a few good, somewhat irregular leaders. Machen, More, Schaaf and some others have caste. But, taken by and large, there is shabbiness and slouchiness almost beyond compare. The Episcopal Church transcends the general level only because its active minds feed on Anglican treasure.

Modernism as it now exists is primarily a demonstration of this prevailing weakness. Essentially it is criticism—and a criticism triumphant because there is no deep and sound opposition. Protestantism has surrendered, in so far as its intellectualist wing is concerned, all the valuable intuitions of the Faith. It posits a psychical *tabula rasa* from which it leaps for rescue either to extreme rationalism or to violent voluntarism. The rationalist assumes that one's road toward reality is somehow apart from the real—that a process of meticulous investigation of the cosmos or of history can replace abandoned and naturally given convictions with acquired convictions. The violent voluntarist—in practice, the pragmatist—holds that truth adjudged necessary can somehow be legislated into being. What could the result possibly be excepting a gradual decline of the religious life? There are pulpits which have now got as far as pseudo-psychoanalysis.

The Protestant situation often arouses the hope that the day of great Catholic opportunities has dawned. In a sense, of course, that opportunity is here. But, by and large, it is a mirage, and when one seeks the reason one finds it to be something like this: the Protestant thinks himself sick, and the Catholic is afraid to think. We are not interested here in finding explanations of why this is true. It seems more worth while attempting to specify a few ways in which the fear expresses itself to particular disadvantage.

The basis of the Catholic faith is a Revelation, on the title page of which is written great joy and abiding peace. These were promised if, as a result of certain things to be made known, man's life were changed at the source. There was to be nothing essentially difficult about the start—a child could enter the kingdom of heaven. But how to grow up in that kingdom, how to develop the full powers of maturity in accordance with the life of Christ, remains always a task exacting everything which coöperation between God and man can achieve. That is why Christian history has been, from the very outset, a record of valorous enterprise. The vigor with which Saint Paul set to work reconstructing his own outlook, and with that the outlook of subsequent ages, is imitated by the saints and sages who followed. Faith therefore sought out the intellect, to subdue it; and as a result of a long struggle with the philosophies of the ancient world there came to be a synthesis never wholly satisfying—since both the world and he himself are mysteries to man—but even so the nearest approximation to the whole of truth which humanity has known.

Today, in consequence of so much that has occurred in recent centuries, we find ourselves perilously near to a state of inactivity in so far as this struggle is concerned. American Catholicism, so admirably virile in many respects, gives the impression of having separated the Faith from the mature activities of life itself—of having decided to remain a child in matters of religion and a grown man in other respects. The emphasis is placed upon moral precept, enunciated uncompromisingly, while concern with the Revelation itself, as the aftermath of which alone the precept has value, has dwindled almost to the vanishing point. Indeed there is some danger lest teachings which are intrinsically suspect—for example, certain assumptions concerning miracles—are being used to bolster up moral exhortation. A tendency to misstate and "popularize" dogmas is distressingly evident. And the effort to assimilate the whole of truth, to make the best that has been known and thought in the world genuinely Christian treasure, is only more sadly neglected.

From the missionary point of view in particular these conditions are regrettable. We have no right to assume that the work to which the Church is dedicated will prosper unless we resolutely undertake vastly more than we are now doing. It is a sad commentary on recent history to reflect that Swedenborgianism has probably gained as many intelligent converts in the United States during past years as has the Catholic faith. The reason for that can only be dearth of thinking, not so much about science or philosophy or literature or economics but about religion and Revelation itself. And if we are wise we shall begin speedily to take that lesson to heart.

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THE DOUGLAS PLAN FOR CONSUMERS

By GORHAM MUNSON

In our issue of March 29 last, Mr. Munson offered an exposition of the conception of social credit formulated by Major C. H. Douglas as a result of his study of the part played by credit in the national economy. The present paper is a sequel which outlines very briefly the measures by means of which Major Douglas thinks existing evils could be remedied. It may be added that his ideas are thought to be "scientific" and to have no bearing upon social philosophy or doctrine as such.—The Editors.

IN A BRIEF space I am going to present the essential devices by which Major C. H. Douglas of England would correct the technical flaw in the price system so as to give the consumer a genuine new deal, but in advance I must ask the reader to try to adopt the correct attitude toward the subject of economic revision. That attitude has been so admirably stated by Mr. Hilaire Belloc that he must be quoted:

> In appreciating situations which involve strong emotions, the very first necessity is to eliminate those emotions and to regard the matter in hand as though one cared nothing for its nature or consequence. If one does not do that, emotion will inevitably warp one's judgment.

It will be at once seen that much that passes for economic thought, particularly in our so-called liberal press and among those whom severe Marxists themselves call "vulgar Marxists," does not stem from the prescribed attitude of impartiality, but is a muddle of puritanical distrust, revolutionary sentimentality, state-worship and atheistic prejudice in which soggily float a few nineteenth-century ideas on reforming the productive system. One of the most talked of examples—and one example will do—of this impure approach to a technical subject is the literary critic, Mr. Edmund Wilson, who has beseeched American writers to enlist in a literary class-war. The problem has simply to do with a human invention, our present economic system, which may be defined as that part of the structure of society which deals with the satisfaction of men's material needs and desires. There is an irreducible difficulty in grasping this problem, but since the scope of economics is limited to the material side of life, one ought not to be abashed before it, but proceed with a certain confidence that one's wits are equal to the task.

Major Douglas, himself an inventor, has looked at our present economic system with the eyes of an inventor, and he has observed that as a mechanism it is bound to produce a condition of industrial stalemate. On the one side, there are the manufacturers prepared to distribute a cornucopia of goods and clamoring for orders. On the other side, there is the population sending up heartrending cries for goods. But somehow producer and consumer are kept from meeting each other.

What is it that keeps the producer frantically waiting for orders and the consumer frantically waiting for the power to order? Obviously, Major Douglas concluded, it is an intervening system, the monetary system, that keeps them apart though they are longing to come to the appointed rendezvous at the retail counter. The money system holds consumer from producer by the peculiar fact that it follows its own laws, and these laws bear very little relation to the physical facts of consumption and production. In a sentence, financial credit is not a reflection of a nation's real credit. And it should be. The whole of Major Douglas's social credit scheme is in that proposition.

The laws obeyed by the present financial system, which Mr. John Riordan in a recent lecture in New York has compared to a heart beating outside an emaciated body, ensure a chronic deficiency of purchasing power in the community, or, to stick to the figure, a chronic insufficiency of social blood to circulate through society. Instruction provided by events makes it unnecessary to explain elaborately this fact. People in general, as a matter of fact, do not need to understand why they are perennially short of purchasing power. They know that it is a fact that they are, and with a justifiable impatience they prefer at once to consider the remedy for the intolerable situation. I will content myself therefore with giving in Major Douglas's words the five principal causes of a deficiency of purchasing power as compared with collective prices of goods for sale; they were offered in his recently published reply to Professor Copland, adviser to the Commonwealth Bank of Australia.

(1) Money profits collected from the public (interest is profit on an intangible).

(2) Savings, i.e., mere abstention from buying.

(3) Investment of savings in new works, which create a new cost without fresh purchasing power.

(4) Difference of circuit velocity between cost liquidation and price creation which results in charges being carried over into prices from a previous cost accountancy cycle. Practically all plant charges are of this nature, and all payments for material brought in from a previous wage cycle are of the same nature.

(5) Deflation, i.e., sale of securities by banks and recall of loans.

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But, as said before, laymen in economics now wish to pass as rapidly as possible from diagnosis to remedy. The diagnosis is: would-be consumers are unable, for the causes specified, to make demand on the full capacity of production. Is there a sound way of enabling them to make such a draft on industry? The best multiple barter group scheme put forward in America is the White Plains Trading Circle, not yet put into operation.

However, there exists on paper an even better, because more complete, plan for instituting social credit in America. It is the Plan for the State of New Jersey drawn up by the New Economics Group of New York, and presented to the Chambers of Commerce in New Jersey, to Mayor Hague of Jersey City, and to a member of the Governor's staff. It is modelled on the Social Credit Scheme for Scotland which Major Douglas drafted in 1932, and it will do very well for setting forth the three devices by which Major Douglas would make real credit convertible into financial credit. These devices are (1) the national credit account, (2) the national dividend, and (3) the just price. The best procedure will be to quote from the New Jersey Plan the description of the devices and to follow each description with a brief commentary.

The State Credit Account

Obtain from existing sources, such as the Census Bureau at Washington, the National Trade Commission, and the National Industrial Conference Board, a money valuation of total capital assets of New Jersey, including tangible wealth in land, buildings, railroads, factories, merchandise, inventions, machinery, housefurnishings, clothing, office equipment, with no distinction between public and private property. Imports of goods and services from without the state are counted as additions to the assets for this purpose, and exports to other states or abroad as deductions from the state's capital assets. The estimate of the total physical assets of New Jersey in 1927, made by the National Industrial Conference Board (Bulletin of June 15, 1928) was $12,480,000,000.

Add to such estimate the sum representing the present commercial capitalized value of the population of New Jersey, numbering 4,041,334 persons in 1930. The statistical staff of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, headed by Louis I. Dublin, has made such an estimate for the population of the United States at $1,500,000,000,000 for 120,000,000 persons, in 1922. On this basis the "present worth" of the population of New Jersey would be something like $50,000,000,000 which, added to New Jersey's physical assets of $12,500,000,000, would be $62,500,000,000. This total would be the price value of the New Jersey capital account, and financial credit to an equivalent amount can be created by the Treasury of New Jersey, empowered by the people of that state.

In considering this, two definitions must be borne in mind. Financial credit is a correct estimate of the ability of a corporate body or an individual to deliver *money* as, when and where required. Financial credit is belief that money loaned will be repaid. It is not now in line with real credit which by definition is a correct estimate of the ability of a corporate body or an individual to deliver *goods* (including services) as, when and where required. Real credit is faith that people, thanks to their organization, inherited culture, character and equipment, will deliver the goods. The state credit account lines up financial credit with real credit, and since the real credit of New Jersey is very much greater than the bookkeeping of orthodox finance reveals, it means that the money supply may be greatly enlarged. It is claimed that the state credit account is realistic bookkeeping. The net effect, I might add, is to exalt man above money.

The State Dividend

For the purpose of the initial stages of credit policy based on total vital and physical capital account of New Jersey, an arbitrary figure, say 2 percent of this capital sum of approximately $62,500,000,000, shall be taken as a dividend and a notice published that every man, woman and child of New Jersey citizenship, with the exception mentioned in the following paragraph, is entitled to share equally in the state dividend thus obtained which would amount, on the estimate given above, to $1,250,000,000, or, approximately $1,360 per family of 4.4 persons.

It will be clearly understood that no interference with existing ownerships, so-called, is involved in such a proceeding. The dividend would be paid monthly by a draft on the state of New Jersey through the state banking system, creating a deposit account subject to check for each family or individual; against this the state banking system shall receive state debentures, non-negotiable and non-interest bearing for the sums needed, including payment of proper banking charges for the handling of the accounts.

No payments of the state dividend will be made except to individuals or families, in proportion to the number of individuals in each family, and such payments will not be made where the net income of the individual, for personal use, from other sources is more than four times that receivable in respect of the state dividend. The state dividend shall be tax-free in perpetuity, and will not be taken into consideration in making any returns for purposes of state or municipal taxation.

The justification for a state or national dividend is twofold. The citizens of New Jersey, to take the present instance, are the passive inheritors of a cultural legacy, part of which is crystallized

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in their industrial plant and part is represented in their education which provides the technical knowledge for operating their plant. Their cultural legacy is the result of corporate effort. It is, economically, what Veblen called "the state of the industrial arts." To whom does this progress in the industrial arts, which is certainly an immense factor in wealth-production, belong? No one but the community can claim it, and the community as a whole should be the beneficiaries. That is one reason. The other is the recognition of the active rôle consumers play in industry. This is recognized by the banker today when in considering a request for a loan from an industrialist he investigates first the industrialist's ability to make his product and then the probability of orders for the product. No prospects for orders, then no loan. The consumer is a partner of industry. The old economics has seen the need to finance production, for production must precede consumption. But consumption must precede further production and in the political economy of the future the financing of consumption must feature prominently. The state dividend therefore is a means of enabling the consumer to coöperate with industry.

In full operation the social credit commonwealth will distribute dividends to all. The exception noted in the New Jersey Plan is a temporary feature of this particular plan. And the buying power of all incomes will be considerably stretched by the institution of the just price.

Discounted Retail Price for Registered Businesses

Simultaneously with the publication of the state dividend notice, publish a figure to be known as the retail discount rate, based upon the percentage of estimated current unused capacity for production of needed and wanted goods by the farms and industries of New Jersey, valued on the normal price level of 1927. Figures sufficiently accurate for such an estimate exist, and it is commonly known that during 1932 the farms and industries of New Jersey were producing at not more than 40 percent of rated capacity. A conservative discount on retail price, if on the higher retail level of 1927, would be 60 percent, or, not less than 25 percent on the present retail price level.

Simultaneously, publish an announcement that any or all retail business undertakings in New Jersey shall be accepted for registration for the privilege of dispensing the discount on goods and services (food, clothing, rentals of dwellings and apartments; telephones, electric light, water and gas to home consumers; railway and bus passenger tickets, etc.) not disposed of for resale. The conditions of such registration would be that the books of registered retail concerns shall be under some uniform system of accounting, including a record of average profit on turnover, and that their prices shall, so far as practicable, be maintained at a figure to include such average profit where this is agreed as equitable for the type of business concerned, the suitable profit being, of course, largely dependent on the velocity of turnover. Concerns unable to show a profit after five years' operation to be struck off the register.

How the Discount on Price Would be Effected

In consideration of the foregoing, all registered businesses would be authorized to dispense to licensed purchasers identified as citizens of New Jersey, the public discount on retail sales. Prices of all goods subject to discount shall be plainly marked and rates of service posted. As the discount would be uniform for all goods and services, competitive conditions would not be disturbed and prices of goods and services, while varying as now in different shops and different localities, would be subject to the usual competitive restrictions.

In dispensing the discount the registered concerns would present at their banks, together with cash-and-check deposits of their receipts from retail sales, suitable discount vouchers entitling them to reimbursement for the discount they have dispensed; their deposits would be written up by the amount of these vouchers, the increase being charged to the state debenture account, say 1 percent of the capital account of $62,500,000,000 of state capital assets, or $625,000,000, as represented by an equivalent discount-debenture issue. The initial 2 percent state dividend, when applied to purchases at retail, would have the advantage of the discount on price. The two measures of dividend and discount would operate counter-inflationally, as a horizontal lowering of the level of retail prices to consumers, while not disturbing the wholesale price level.

This just price, or discounted retail price, or assisted price, as Major Douglas called it in his Scheme for Scotland, is based on a ratio. The formula runs thus:

$$\text{Just Price} = \text{Financial Cost} \times \frac{\text{Total Consumption}}{\text{Total Production}}$$

The rates involved, namely, those of consumption and production, are definitely measurable: they pertain to the physical. And the just price acts as a stabilator. If production falls, then prices rise and people feel the pinch. If production jumps ahead, as it has done so remarkably since the Great War, then this is reflected in lower prices. The just price then takes into account the dynamic character of the economic situation.

What cannot fail to strike anyone, finally, even if the way social credit would work seems dark, is its radical difference from the other celebrated plans in the world, the Fascist and Communist plans. They are plans for production and for administering production. Social credit is a consumers' plan, most suitable for industrially advanced countries, where there is no urgent need to improve production, but a most imperative need to consume the glut of goods.

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RIVERA IN DETROIT

By J. CRAIG LADRIÈRE

SODOM and Sybaris, Marseilles and Havana, for examples, are civic incarnations of ideas rather than cities; they are convenient type-counters for random human thinking. Detroit is, to non-Detroiters, perhaps more essentially such a type than any that has before appeared. And though it may be hard to delimit its denotation, that denotation is certainly not primarily aesthetic. Still, in one day last week sixteen thousand people crowded and pushed in a single room of the Detroit Institute of Arts; rich and poor, men and women, even boys and girls, intelligent and stupid, bourgeois and "worker," and I suppose (for they are in the social notices occasionally) a few counts and countesses who are Detroiters. These people came to see what Diego Rivera had done to a public wall.

Mr. Rivera was engaged more than a year ago to paint several mural frescoes, the gift to the city of Detroit of Mr. Edsel Ford, in what is known as the Garden Court of the Institute building. In exactly seven months and eighteen days the difficult process was completed, and a few weeks ago the court was opened to public view. Immediately the concern of some civic men and women was aroused. For the frescoes were unmistakably a great change. I have before me a letter from one woman who complains, "With the murals, there is simply no Garden Court any more." Which is true indeed, though it is not quite the problem.

The problem is rooted in the treatment which Mr. Rivera has given a wall which is, as I have said, public. Most of the people who have spoken on the matter in Detroit seem to have the feeling that on this public wall, while Mr. Rivera was working, there should have been an obvious placard: Commit No Nuisance. The Detroit *News* concludes an editorial commentary of March 19, 1933, this way: "Perhaps the best thing to do would be to whitewash the entire work completely and return the court to its original beauty." And I understand that Miss Walther, the secretary to the director of the Institute, found it necessary one afternoon to ask that the protection given by the Detroit police at the building be heavily augmented, since there had been telephone calls to her desk of a threatening nature. Threatening, of course, the frescoes.

Naturally, readers of this report will want to know what Mr. Rivera can have done to the wall.

I think it would be impossible to say that he has done an intelligent piece of work. But he has done several fine pieces. In plainer words, the whole lacks intelligence; and the segments lack unity, fail to coalesce. The latter is apparently the worse criticism, since in spite of Mr. Eric Gill we may accept with some cheer the work of "a fool who is an artist," like Mr. Rivera. But actually, it is the lack of intelligence which is most annoying in these paintings, and for a reason not uncommon where intelligence is lacking. Mr. Rivera has chosen to parade. To keep Mr. Gill's term, a fool likes to parade what he imagines to be his high intelligence; and, of course, an artist has his work to do. Now Mr. Rivera is an artist whose capacity it is not necessary for me, coming so late, to exalt. He has some of that intelligence which Mr. Gill considers indispensable to art of any kind, and he manages minor design admirably. He has enough intelligence, let us say, for a space as large as any one panel of his Detroit work; and in a small panel his art is altogether triumphant. But over the panel-frame Rivera's sense apparently cannot pass. Once, in the Detroit room, he is given the problem, not of skipping a panel-frame, but of winding round an arch (the entrance of the court, at the west end), and here he has done his best work. Indeed, he has done one of the very best works, I think, in his soft, sharp-massed setting of that door, that a mural painter has yet done.

Intelligence has a great deal to do with the choice of a subject when that is left to oneself, as the choice in Detroit was left to Rivera, with the single restriction that his subject must "reflect something of the history or industry of this city." So Mr. Rivera undertook "the story I have always wanted to tell—the great saga of the machine and of steel." And it is a story suited only to make me repeat that this artist's cardinal insufficiency is the insufficiency of intelligence.

Entering the court, one faces east. The east wall is broken at the bottom for the opening to a stairway, so that only the upper third is left for painting. In this section, divided four times, there is the central panel of the earth, with its rich resources; under this, a human child wrapped in the womb (a "cross-section"), which is folded in the rich feeding earth; on either side lounges a great tawny woman, of a genesis obviously Mexican. The rectangles which top the longer north and south sides of the room are given to four women, each representing one of the four races which Mr. Rivera imagines to be of chief universal importance, Caucasian, Chinese, Indian and Negro, chosen partly because the yellow race may symbolize sand, the red iron, the black coal, and the white lime, which are important in the production of steel. The two figures of each panel are sepa-

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rated again by lumps of the resourceful earth, from which project the great hands of workers who, or which, claim the riches it hides. Below, on either side, are panoramas of Detroit's industrial plants, very well done, rich and finely modulated. In the corners are minor industrial and chemical (since Detroit is also the city of Parke-Davis) plaques. One of these, representing the grace of vaccination, is a clear adaptation of the Holy Family of Christian art. Then, on the west side, there is the exquisite framing of the door, and above two perfect plaques of flying birds a rectangle of aeronautics and blue sky.

The story is, of course, that life is a moment between earth and earth, *on* earth. One might have thought that a rather old tale, well enough known to stand no new retelling. But, as I have said, Mr. Rivera, who is a recent discoverer, apparently, of the old-known fact, is parading. It is nothing to him that many of the most intelligent men of each of the four races he has symbolized would have found his "story" unfinished, would still have cried, "And then—, Mr. Rivera, and then—?" Mr. Rivera could not go on, of course, for he is one of those people who still think it is possible to end that story with three asterisks in graceful typography.

Mr. H. Ralph Higgins, senior curate of the St. Paul Cathedral (Episcopal) of Detroit, who knows the rest of the story, was the first to object formally to the frescoes. Now the agitation is noteworthy, and it is possible, though hardly probable, that the murals may be changed, or even whitewashed.

I should not, myself, suggest whitewashing. But there are interesting things that ought to be suggested. It occurred to nobody, first of all, that Rivera would do precisely what he has done; inviting him to paint was inviting him to tell the story he had been wanting to tell. The critics, largely quite ignorant of the bases of criticism, who have objected to Rivera form a body which is interesting, too; the whole thing is an invaluable object-lesson in the relation of the plain man to art, and I think a healthy lesson. Probably the most amazing thing of all is the real ignorance of the meaning of religion shown by the few defenders of the murals who have spoken of that point. One of the staff of the Institute said that they are "one of the finest expressions of the dignity of the human being that has (sic) been made in our time," and that "Rivera's religion seems to be that of a man deeply interested in his fellow man." Mr. Kahn, an Arts Commissioner, said, referring to the vaccination placque, "What is the Holy Family basically? It is a glorification of Him who was to be the Saviour of mankind. Hasn't vaccination been a saviour of the lives of millions? . . . As for the halo, anybody doing good deserves a halo. And do not nurses do a tremendous lot of good?" Certainly these words should become a footnote in future summas of theology.

Rivera is a skilful artist, in individual pieces a fine one. His chief technical lack is what must be called intelligence; and when he attempts, as no artist should, to tell a story, that story cannot be expected to show a high intelligence. His silly devices, haloes round figures representing the aspects of material advance and the like, are not easy to criticize, for one should not in politeness need to tell an artist when he is cheating. Haloes are not part of the tradition Mr. Rivera has chosen; he should have no need of them, he should dislike or despise them. To use them to deny their significance is simply cheap, as it is unintelligent, whether in artist or in man. The critics have struck points more telling, I imagine, than they know.

There is a social importance in this fracas which is more than local to Detroit. People have in the past frequently been ready to defend the Christian view of life, when it seemed to them that it had been impugned, with ardor rather than intelligence; with certain important exceptions, their adversaries had equipped themselves to fight with that force of intellect which we respect. But today there are many adversaries of Christianity who attack it with the clumsy substitute of second-hand prejudice and unconsidered instinct. One cannot generalize but there is a danger threatening us like that of the barbarians long ago, and much more difficult to handle. At least we want our adversaries to know the points at issue, and to use brains in clearing and presenting them. But, though there will be for a long time ahead, if not forever, brains on that side, this Detroit squabble has shown few, and it has shown that in an important instance there has been a communal lack. Mr. Rivera, incidentally, is pleased with the uproar; it means, he says, that his art is "alive." And that is, of course, comforting to him.

On the other hand, the haloes are suspicious. Perhaps Dr. Freud could discover a spiritual *Heimweh* in Mr. Rivera's deeper mind, after all. Rivera's color is good (though, again, used without much intelligence), and his sense of individual design excellent; perhaps these are enough to open for him a queer vista into chasms ontologically nearer the ultimate than his banal crystals scattered over the Detroit wall, which his censor converts into haloes when he paints. The whole Detroit affair is a little thing like a much bigger one, the conflicts when the Altar of Victory was to be taken out of the Senate at Rome. It would be good to be told that Mr. Rivera, who seems to know the value of this earth so well, suspected what Symmachus said, meaning another thing, at that time: "Uno itinere non potest pervenire ad tam grande secretum" (So great a mystery is not reached by one way alone).

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A VISION OF CHARTRES

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

LAST Sunday, which was the second Sunday after Easter, I heard Mass in the Cathedral of Our Lady at Chartres, and thus fulfilled one of the many dreams of a visionary person whose quest for the high romance of truth has taken him sometimes by the road of dream and sometimes by the safer highway of reality into many parts of the world.

My dream of hearing Mass at Chartres was one of my literary dreams. Because I have to read a great deal, by reason of my trade as a writer, and also because I read for the sheer love of reading, after many years I have come to consider myself, if I may use the expressive vernacular, a hard-boiled reader. I am perfectly willing to surrender myself to the magic or even to the logic of any writer—up to a certain point. The point where I draw back and grow either prudent or timid, as the case may be, is where I feel or I think that the writer may be departing from that truth of which the only criterion is the Church.

So, in regard to Chartres, my dreams were fed from two fountains. First, there was that great book of that great but sad and in the end grievously disappointed man, Henry Adams, "Mont St. Michel and Chartres." The second was, of course, "The Cathedral," by Joris Karl Huysmans. Fed by those two sources of magic, my visions of the city and of the Cathedral of Chartres assumed fairly definite, even if ambient, forms.

I visioned a great church on a hill, surmounted by the figure of Saint Michael, sword in hand, guarding the heritage of his Queen, the Lady Mary, the Mother of Christ, the Mother of God. Splendidly proportioned, more solid than the rock from which the individual blocks were hewn, flooded with the inner glory of colors (strained through glass that was more perdurable than crystal), colors such as only the souls of the blessed can enjoy in the fullness of their beauty, but which even on earth are sufficient to give the wayfaring man some hint of what awaits his immortal soul.

Around this sanctuary of the spirit, this haven of heaven on earth—descending to a little winding river, and surrounded by a great plain, a city of the past still persisted into a present which had forgotten the tradition of that which had made it what once it used to be: the favored land of the Church, the eldest daughter of Mary the Queen.

Around this church always there blew a bitter and cutting wind. Rarely did the sun appear to make visible the beauty of the glass—that glass which was more precious than gems—but the secret of whose composition was lost long ago. Always, too, the rain fell—sometimes like slow tears, but more often like the floods of desolation or wrath. In the hot days of summer, thunderstorms crashed around this hill, and time after time the lightning struck the twin towers, and, despite the sword of Michael, set them aflame.

Through this wind and rain, there struggled or crept into the sheltering church a rather fantastic and dwindling company of melancholy or embittered priests, and time-battered and life-weary old men and women, and a few and ever-weary company of youths and maidens and little children.

Nothing, however, could destroy the nobility and the grandeur and the solidity and the delicacy of the church itself, and now and then, when the organ sounded, or the chant of the liturgy arose amid the candle-light and the lilac clouds of the sweetly-pungent incense, it would seem for a brief moment that the great life of the past had returned. But this was an hallucination. The sad truth was that something called the enlightenment, and another thing called modern progress, had between them captured what was left of the city of Chartres, and the country surrounding it. The men of this new age simply preserved the cathedral as a relic of the interesting but banished past.

Such were some of my dreams of Chartres—fed from the sources of two great books. I should have remembered, of course, that I was a hard-boiled reader—or supposed myself to be one—and, therefore, I should have suspected the validity of these visions. So, even before I tell the rest of my story, let me draw my moral.

Dear reader, be vigilantly suspicious of all books, all written things—including, of course, this little paper. Do not let yourself be wholly charmed or bewitched by any magician of words. Truth is not only greater, but truth is also much more lucid and simple than any literary version of truth.

So I discovered, at Chartres, last Sunday.

Under a dimly glorious sky of misty blue, flooded with bland sunshine, with not even a hint of any wind, and with rain left behind in Paris—where perhaps it was needed—I walked up the terraced hill of the little city toward that one thing belonging to my dream of Chartres which has been left unchanged, namely, the cathedral. Noble, charming—grand with a grandeur beyond any dream made visible on earth except this one dream of the tender grandeur of heaven!

But soon (said I to myself), having entered the cathedral to hear my Mass, I shall only be one among that dwindling company of outmoded, feeble, rather fantastic people called Catholics,

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who still crawl out from holes and corners in this France which threw aside the Faith which was its pride long ago. Some old priest will be lifting his cracked voice from the altar; and will be answered by some sort of a choir, still struggling to remember the plainchant, and all trying their feeble best to maintain the tradition which once was so strong a reality.

So, drugged with my dreams, I entered the church (I regret to confess I was late, but there still was time for me validly to do my Sunday duty)— No. I speak too glibly. I did not enter the church so easily as all that. I was obliged to force my way through the edges of a vast crowd which seemed to occupy every inch of the immense space *within the church. But no crowd ever completely* fills any space, so I was able to edge and perhaps push, but at any rate to work my way through to a place from which I could see the priest at his ministrations.

He was no feeble old man—on the contrary, he was a strong, sturdy, upright figure, and at that moment the miter of a bishop was placed on his uplifted head.

So my illusions began at once, not merely to fade away, they began to be flooded away, as by a rush of a great wind—not the bitter, futile wind of my dreams, which blew around Chartres because Huysmans, writing the report of his exasperated nerves, but magically, had infected my imagination, but by the clear, sweet wind of reality, which, if once you permit its entrance into your mind and heart and soul, will blow away all dreams but leave that which is better in their place, its own sweet self, God's truth.

Four thousand men, at least, and I do not know how many women and children—the mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, children of the four thousand men—were answering the bishop and his deacons and subdeacons, in Latin, and in the chant: that chant which, according to Huysmans (and here I am fully prepared to believe him) had for its author no man, but the Holy Ghost: the Spirit, breathing out of heaven upon earth.

Four thousand men on a pilgrimage to Chartres! In front of the sanctuary were ranged their flags and their banners—flags of their country, banners of their confraternities and of their guilds. Probably at least a thousand of these men had the full right to carry their country's flag, for they had fought for that country in the last and greatest of wars. Among them were professional men; also there were tradesmen; but the largest number were laborers.

Three or four hundred priests were with them.

But where were the doddering, snuffling, melancholy old men of my dreams—those pale apparitions from the pages of Huysmans, who wrote in the days before the revival of Catholicism in France? Certainly, there were elderly priests; but the most were middle-aged or young. And whether old or middle-aged or young, all alike were expressing that positive force, that practical, working-world spirit, which is the Faith of France today—as it is the spirit of the Faith throughout the world.

Not all of my dreams, however, were wholly taken away from me. Above that massed multitude of lively men and women, frankly and heartily singing their Mass, were all the colored glories of which Henry Adams and Huysmans had told me, but of which they could not tell me (no writer could) how beautiful was their beauty. Strength, firmness, durability, charm—originality and tradition were combined in that harmony of perfect *proportion. Thus—as Adams and Huysmans* wrote—soared the arches, so towered the columns, so rounded above me the absolute curves of the nave, and the chancel.

And, presently, the Mass being over, and the multitude dispersed—until it should reassemble for Vespers and a great candle-bearing procession in the afternoon—I knelt before the image of Our Lady of Chartres.

It is said—although the present Bishop of Chartres throws doubt upon the legend—that this church stands above a cavern where once the ancient Druids paid homage to a Virgin to come who was to bring forth a Child. I know nothing of such matters, whether they be true or false; but I do know that Mary, the Mother of Christ, bends down, here in Chartres, to whisper benison to those who even dimly or doubtfully—still more to those who truly and manfully—love her Son.

And the Catholics of France today are doing that. But not sentimentally. Catholic Action here is a practical thing. It is not only the Bishop of Versailles, from whose diocese these pilgrims came last Sunday, but it is bishop linked with bishop, and priests in closed ranks behind their leaders, and regiments of laymen and laywomen in formation behind their captains—all together they are obeying and not only merely listening respectfully or dully to what the Holy Father says from Rome, namely, that this is the Holy Year, commemorating the redemption of man by Christ, and that it is needful for Christians really to be Christians. Not just to go to Mass on Sunday, and certainly not to draw themselves away, like Pharisees, from the world around them, but to go out to that world, as their Lord did nineteen hundred years ago—and to spread, and to live, His gospel. Especially among the poor: but first of all among those who bear the world upon their arms—as the hill of Chartres upholds the church of Mary our Mother—the workers of the world.

Workers of the world, unite in Christ! You have nothing but your chains to lose. You have the world, and after the world, you have heaven, to gain.

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WASHINGTON REBUILT

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

THE CLANG of riveters and the roar of excavators greet the ears of the visitor to Washington, as his taxi speeds him down historic Pennsylvania Avenue from the Union Station. Coming as he well may from a city whose factory chimneys emit little smoke, and of vast unemployment, this bustling army of bricklayers, masons, carpenters and foremen prompts in the visitor the question, why is it that this huge public buildings program for the capital is being pushed so rapidly to completion during the period when the depression through the country has been hitting its "low"? If the Treasury faces a deficit of a couple of billion dollars, the new buildings near by give an impression quite the opposite. From the day Pierre L'Enfant dreamed his dream of the city beautiful, a dream which has taken for its realization over a century, Washington has never seen greater building activity.

When the public buildings program for the District of Columbia took shape in 1925 and 1926, no one could forsee the precipitate decline in national and federal income that has taken place since the stock market crash of 1929. The age of Coolidge prosperity was an age of governmental as well as of individual extravagance. The federal machine in and out of Washington steadily expanded, as the people, through their representatives in Congress, demanded more public services and more paternalism. The government did not own enough buildings to house the seventy odd thousand men and women on the public pay roll. A million or more dollars a year were spent on rentals in the District of Columbia. With recurring surpluses in the Treasury, and with the income tax of the boom years an apparently inexhaustible revenue producer, Congress voted a national public buildings program aggregating over $700,000,000, nearly $200,000,000 of which was to pay for buildings in the federal city. Then came the crash, the contraction in national income, deficit after deficit, and the cry for economy, retrenchment and a halt on spending. As one means of arresting the decline in employment, the administration speeded up its public works program.

For the people of the District of Columbia, the cloud of depression has a bright silver lining. When the clouds lift, and the strain and tension is eased, they will have as their workshops some of the finest government offices in the world. Gone will be the old Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the Treasury with its Chinese joints, and stores, its second-rate commercial structures, its fortune-tellers and barkers. In their place will be a row of noble buildings along the so-called Triangle, reinforced in the Mall and along Constitution Avenue by another fine group. Capitol Hill will have its new House Office Building, a home for the Supreme Court, additional wings for the Library of Congress, and a new Botanic Garden. Approaches to the Capitol from Union Station will include an avenue and a parkway that will give the visitor, as he steps from the train, a hint of the beauties that lie beyond. So vast is the program under way that its completion will give the "federal" part of Washington almost a new aspect. The basic design of the city will be the same, and so will the Capitol and the White House, but old-timers will find few of the government departments in their ancient habitations.

The Department of Commerce's new home, named by some the "Temple of Fact-Finding," is the largest of the new buildings, and has set the pace for the others. It cost $17,500,000 and here are some of the things that the taxpayers got for their money: 16,400 tons of structural steel, 2,000 car-loads of Indiana limestone, 150 tons of granite, quarried in Connecticut, and sawed, cut and milled in Massachusetts, 900 tons of marble from Missouri, 470 tons of base marble from Vermont, 860 tons of Mankato stone from Minnesota, with travertine from Colorado and Georgia, 35 tons of floor tile from West Virginia for the cafeteria, 300 tons of wall and floor tile in the lavatories from Ohio, 10,000,000 common bricks from the District of Columbia, 1,500,000 face bricks from Pennsylvania, and 27,000 tons of terra-cotta from North Carolina and West Virginia. Taxpayers may be interested in a few other items: the plastering on the walls and ceilings covers 99 acres; 2 tons of copper nails have gone into the roof; telephones, power, signals and electric lights required 31,000 electrical outlets; the 5,200 windows contain 250,000 square feet of glass; the cafeteria will feed 2,400 people; the building has fifteen entrances, with engraved inscriptions over each entrance, and the Secretary's suite, magnificent in its appointments, is panelled in American walnut.

Representatives in Congress, who have been limited heretofore to a single room, with the exception of committee chairmen and a small company of the elect, have long envied the senators, each of whom has three or four rooms in which to work and receive callers. Members of the next House draw nearer to a parity with the Senate as the new House office building opens its doors. With two buildings at the disposal of the House, each member will have two rooms, and committee

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chairmen and some others, three. More than thirty states have provided the materials that have gone into this $7,500,000 investment in congressional efficiency. Some of the veterans prefer their old quarters, and will stay there, because of its high-ceilinged rooms, and the spaciousness of the interiors. Assignments have been made on the basis of seniority, and most of those eligible for space in the new building have moved into it. With its ornamental metal and walnut woodwork, with its finishings and equipment the finest that America can provide, the new building will house about 250 lawmakers when the new Congress is called together into special session.

Mr. Roosevelt's Postmaster General could wish for no finer workshop than that which has been provided him by a Republican Congress voting the people's money in the generous spirit of the boom days. When the Post Office Department's old home was erected in 1899, Americans paid for their letter writing and other mail about $95,000,000. The receipts for the fiscal year 1931 amounted to $656,463,383, an increase over a period of thirty-two years of approximately 591 percent. Two semicircles dominate the plan of the new building. On the first, the Ionic order has been used with a mansard roof with dormers, the two lower stories being rusticated. The second façade uses the Doric order, with rusticated first and second floors. In the pylons terminating one of the circles are the names of all the postmaster generals, beginning with Benjamin Franklin, and ending with Walter Folger Brown. The interiors are as splendid as the exteriors. The reception and anterooms on the third floor are the most ornamental rooms in the building. The reception room is carried up through two stories. The floor is marble, laid in a special design; the walls are panelled in oak, with oak columns and pilasters. A special oak-veneered floor has been placed in the Postmaster General's room, and the walls have been panelled to the ceiling in butternut. The corridor leading into the sanctum sanctorium is panelled in butternut, and has a marble floor.

The business of the Department of Justice has increased even faster perhaps than that of the post office system. When this department was organized in 1870 with an Attorney-General and a handful of clerks, few could have foreseen its expansion to an organization employing in the District of Columbia alone 1,000 people, paying $163,147 for rented quarters, and occupying over 200,000 feet of floor space. Prohibition, prisons, criminal identification, the enforcement of the anti-trust laws, and so on—all have contributed to expanding the work of the Department of Justice. In its new $12,000,000 home, overlooking Constitution Avenue and the Mall, justice receives proper recognition, as one of the most far-reaching activities of the government.

For upward of a century and a half, the treaties and other papers and documents of the federal government have been stored away in basements and attics, exposed to fire and other hazards. Year by year there has been an enormous accumulation of documents, many of them of historical and legal value. To house these Congress voted its approval of a special archives building; and it has created the office of archivist of the United States, and a national archives council. The building will cost about $9,000,000, and on its completion will be the strong-box where Uncle Sam's official papers, treaties, valuable documents and military and naval records are carefully safeguarded.

The federal authorities are now paying $139,000 annually in rent for the Interstate Commerce Building, and $75,000 annually for the Hurley Wright building. Now nearing completion is the new Interstate Commerce Building, costing $4,500,000. Its floor area of 308,000 square feet suggests the magnitude of the problem of regulating transportation, if translated into terms of employees, desks, typewriters and so on. The program under way includes new homes for the Labor Department, the war and navy departments, the Public Health Service, the Coast Guard, and various bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, and the Internal Revenue Building, with facilities for collecting income and other taxes from generations still inborn.

As this huge building program has unfolded itself, it has not escaped the shafts of criticism. In bonanza times, it might have been otherwise. Taxpayers have scrutinized, as never before, the governmental leviathans they have built, and attacks on bureaucracy, in press and platform, are a common diversion. The completed plan, with its concentration of huge buildings, speaks eloquently of the vast expansion in the federal government that has taken place during the past two or three decades. Formerly the federal bureaucracy gave no such impression of vastness, scattered as it was in buildings all over the city, many of them rented and of makeshift construction. But a country of 120,000,000 people requires a sizable personnel to conduct its public business, even if the federal government is stripped of all paternalistic, debatable and controversial functions.

While bureaucracy is under fire, the cry is to reduce, lop off, eliminate. Yet the buildings are here, in brick, mortar, marble and walnut finish, and they are being built by men paid eleven, fourteen or more dollars a day. Unlike rented quarters, they cannot be abandoned at any financial saving. And without the stir of occupancy, these buildings would depress rather than inspire. Certainly their handsome exteriors and the charm of their interiors provide an appropriate setting for governmental activity.

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MODERN SOCIOLOGY

By FRANK CAVANAUGH

MY FIRST class in the Graduate School of a large well-known state university made me feel hopelessly old-fashioned and reactionary. Spencer and his theories of society were being discussed, when suddenly the professor interrupted with the remark that to understand Spencer's teaching one would have to understand Spencer's time. "You know," he said with a tolerant smile, "you have to realize that in the days of Spencer many still believed that individuals controlled their own conduct and even believed in the influence of a God on conduct. Man had not as yet studied society scientifically. Spencer was making a beginning." Here scientific study of society of course was made identical with positivism. In the same class period Alport came in for criticism because he explained conduct in psychological terms, but even he was admitted to be partially correct. We, holding the Catholic position on conduct, did not seemingly even merit dishonorable mention. People, it was assumed, aspiring to intellectuality no longer believed in those old-fashioned ideas of Aristotle, Thomas and Shakespeare about man being master of his destiny.

From my experience in Catholic Graduate Schools of Sociology and in the classes of a state university not specially known as a radical school, I believe the two sociologies, Catholic and non-sectarian, can never reach common ground. I will first of all point out what principles or assumptions can be readily agreed upon by us as fundamental in social thought. After each of these Catholic postulates, I will quote from a non-sectarian writer showing the direct denial of such postulates. The non-sectarian writers, used to illustrate the fundamental basic difference of opinion, are men everywhere considered sane and fairly conservative sociologists. Were one to select such authors as Glueck, Sanger, Ellis, Barnes, Lindsey, etc., to represent non-sectarian social thought the difference would be even more pronounced. (See "Sex in Civilization," edited by Calverton and Schmalhausen.)

I suppose Catholics could agree that man is by nature subject to certain immutable moral laws. Here we come in direct conflict with non-sectarian sociology. We are told that "mores" are the guiding principles in social conduct. And what are the "mores"? They are rules of conduct or group judgments that carry with them binding force because they can be traced back through long ages of people possessing the same culture traits that characterize our civilization. They are not based on things right or wrong independently of circumstances. If the mores have any specific or objective test, it is the test of survival or expediency. I maintain a social problem may be solved by the application of social ethics but Professor Phelps of Pittsburgh University holds "they are solved by the modification of the group criteria or mores which are used to differentiate between the normal and the abnormal" ("Contemporary Social Problems," by Phelps, page 13).

Speaking of the impossibility of securing an objective standard for morality a professor in class at a state university took murder to illustrate his point. He told of a tribe who ordered the execution of unproductive old or helpless by the kin of these unfortunates. He smiled and remarked that such people were quaint indeed and possessed unusual but not necessarily wrong cultural taboos. "Now we," he continued, "are rather in our social tastes against murder. Our mores will have none of it. But even we sanction murder in war or capital punishment. Isn't it strange how widely we differ on social questions?" concluded the professor. I am not interested now in refuting such a position nor even in stating our own but merely want to indicate the vast abyss that lies between Catholic and non-Catholic social thought.

Man has certain rights which are common to all mankind is a commonplace to the Catholic teacher of ethics or sociology. What do the non-Catholic writers think of it? There can be found probably few secular social writers who would subscribe to such a proposition. Take the attitude, for example, of a very recent and standard work such as "Social Pathology," by Mangold of Southern California University, on such an elementary yet important natural right as the private ownership of property. He writes on page 71:

> It is incorrect to speak of these rights as inalienable. If they were, then perpetual instruments of oppression would be created. Changing culture establishes new attitudes and transforms existing institutions to meet the new requisites of public opinion.

Of course it is not surprising that non-sectarian authors should cast aside natural rights in view of their stand on immutable moral laws, for rights and duties are always correlated. Perhaps it is only fair to say that outside the Church most men disagree with the Catholic position as regards rights because they misunderstand that position.

I suppose most Catholics would agree with the following statement of the ends of one fundamental unit of society such as the family. God implanted in the human being the procreative

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power or the ability to reproduce other human beings with something of the image and likeness of God. God knew too that the ordinary exercise of this procreative function would entail no little responsibility and difficulty for man. Knowing man then as He did, God realized man would not assume these difficulties unless goaded on to do so by an almost irresistible appetite. So God placed in the human being the sex urge second only to the hunger urge, that men might increase and multiply and cover the earth. Or better, to put it another and in the more traditional way: the primary end of marriage is the procreation of children and the secondary end is the quieting of concupiscence or the fulfilment of the sex urge.

But what does non-sectarian sociology say about the same subject? In "Social Problems," by Gillen, Dittmer and Colbert, an up-to-date 1932 edition, we read:

> For sex represents a perpetual urge that not only must be but is gratified. It is a primary biological function, in and of itself demanding outlet and expression. It is preserved in all its intensity by natural selection, in that the most highly sexed are apt to pass on this character to the largest number of offspring, whereas those deficient in this respect permit the deficiency to die with them. The fact that sex life, in, of, and for itself, as a "play function" is the primary motive might as well be faced and accepted. Offspring or the perpetuation of the group is distinctly a by-product. . . . If mere procreation were the motivating factor one female would do nearly as well as another, but where sex partnership is concerned marked differences are recognized.

Or again it is axiomatic in Catholic ethics that one can control the sex instinct and keep it within the bounds of rational interpretation of the ten Commandments. Innumerable non-sectarian writers are of the opinion that to repress this forceful urge means psychic disturbances if not physical harm, "for sex represents a perpetual urge that not only must be but is gratified." There is no room left here for even the so-called sublimation of the sex instinct. If we will not gratify this appetite through legitimate channels, we are told that it will work out in an unlawful manner. Of course the Catholic assumption of grace and divine help takes care of the control of such an urge. The non-sectarian attitude can be made more understandable, I suppose, when we realize they merely smile at a supposition of grace. Again on page 269 of the same book we read:

> The problem of marriage, then, is the problem of making it possible for sound individuals to marry at the normal time. Where this opportunity is not present substitutes must be and are found. Sex is a fact and its complete sublimation is more a surface appearance than a reality. Where normal sex life is either delayed or denied, a host of socially disapproved substitutes appear. The outstanding substitute is prostitution. . . . Some societies have organized and even operated it in the interest of the chastity of the rest of its females and in response to male demand. . . . The volume of illegitimacy bears testimony to only a small part of non-professional illicit intercourse between the unmarried. Other substitutes reach through the whole field of so-called "unnatural" practices or "perversions" and on into the field of pornographia and other substitutes.

Sociologists, outside the Church, almost without exception no longer argue about the theory of evolution, they merely assume it as a fact and use it as a basis for later conclusions. Take up almost any introduction to sociology and if you are not an out and out evolutionist you feel out of joint with the best modern thought. We often read as Beach puts it ("Introduction to Sociology," pages 4-5):

> It is necessary in studying our social life to recognize that modern science has made us realize the great law of evolution which shows how life from its simplest to its highest forms is constantly undergoing modification. . . . If therefore one wants to understand the life of the community, he must constantly bear in mind that change in it is inevitable and certain. . . . And just as in biological there are the facts and laws of variation, heredity and selection, so in social evolution there are variation, heredity and selection.

Or along the same line of thought one may read from Professor Hankins of Smith College ("An Introduction to the Study of Society," page 26):

> Evolutionary theory as a genetic view holds that all the varied forms of the animate and inanimate worlds have been derived from the simplest forms of matter and energy by purely natural processes. This means that the evolutionary processes are themselves creative.

Now of course these are varied interpretations of the evolutionary view of man and society. There is the moderate view of the naturalists, Currier, Linnaeus, etc., the atheistic and materialistic theory of monism of Haeckel, Vogt, Untermann, etc., and the absolute theory of the agnostically inclined. (See Ross, "A Survey of Sociology," page 17.) But the important thing is, many sociologists accept the uncomplimentary view that we have originated in lower forms of animal life without any creative interference. More, the Catholic point of view is frequently distorted but perhaps more often it is ignored.

Now I might go on with more illustrations showing the practical denial of such Catholic principles as the existence of God, the freedom of the human will, the immortality of the soul, etc.,

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but it would serve only to extend this paper to unbearable and unreasonable lengths. I do not wish this to be a mere academic discussion. I wish rather to point out some very definite and concrete dangers to Catholic faith that beset the young man or woman at the ordinary non-sectarian university. There is a real problem for priests who have charge or who may come in contact with Catholic students at state universities. These dangers are not the invention of my imagination but those I have faced in attendance at non-sectarian classes.

I do not wish to give the impression that non-sectarian sociologists are antagonistic to us. But few of them even know of the existence of our principles. Many of them consider the postulates of Catholic thought as those of a bygone age. Should Catholics, lay, clerical or religious, attend such courses they will be accorded every courtesy. Politeness is part and parcel of their philosophy of life, but agreement, they feel, entails the death of intellectual progress.

Once in class when I attempted in my own feeble way to express the Catholic position, as the subject of moral laws independent of circumstances arose, I was given marked attention both by the professor and by the graduate students in attendance. The attention was polite and not unfriendly. They even indicated a real interest in such a position. Another day I was absent, and again a question involving morality arose, and I was told that the professor looked over the class and expressed regret that I was not there to state the Catholic position. The fact that they are unfamiliar with us inclines them to ignore us. What we need and need badly, are Catholic sociologists who can put our position so strongly that it will not only interest them but even compel them to consider that position if they are to pretend at all to know the sociological field.

A Snow

The daisies are in the field
Where the apple trees grow;
Like snow they came on the meadow—
Like spring snow.

Fell on the fields in darkness,
On invisible beds.
The dawn discovered dimly
White thousands of their heads.

And now the wind this morning
Loosens into motion
The whole new-born and foaming,
Stem-delicate ocean;

And clouds as small as petals
Stray in the sky's plain—
The white, exquisite clouds
Foretelling rain.

BARBARA ACKERMAN WHITE.

THREE GARDEN THINGS

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

"SECRET is the garden," begins "The Mistress of Vision," and this is a good plan for a garden. There should be tunnels, turns, screened vistas looking outward so arranged that strange people cannot come and peer in the reverse way, seats where one can relax, enjoy the smell of flowers and see them intimately without standing on tip-toe like an adagio dancer, and shelter where one can stay out in the rain sometimes. Staying in the rain can be a pleasant experience that need not trouble anybody and can refresh the spirit. Summer rains have a character of their own and gardens act in quite an alive different way when it is raining from what they do when it is obviously all bright and fair. And summer rains have various special smells. Thunder and lightning showers leave a stirring bouquet after them, a queer smell of electricity coupled with a kind of freshness that suggests vast spaces. It is amusing to see a bird sitting in a bush under a tent of leaves, waiting for a storm to go away and the worms to come to the surface. If a drop of water falls on it, the bird will give an annoyed shake, ruffle up its neck and turn its head around and preen a feather here and there with its beak. Dogs are usually a nuisance at such times and had best be left in the kitchen; they are apt, even clean ones, to give off a strong body odor in a rain. Cats are a nuisance to birds in any weather.

Fitting very well "The Mistress of Vision" plan, three garden things were revealed to me recently in some moving pictures taken by Helen Swift Jones, the landscape architect, showing gardens in Mallorca and Spain. She is exhibiting them to various groups of the Garden Club of America. The things have to do with private gardens. Public gardens of course must be public. In parentheses it might be said that those in Spain have plenty of seats in them, which is a point where our public gardens usually lack. And Frederic Blaine of our fine old American firm of landscapers, Olmstead Brothers, doing the big new Rockefeller park on Manhattan, tells of seeing in one park in Spain, on a recent trip there, a sort of rusticated hollow pillar in which were kept protected from the rain two or three good books which anyone so inclined could read al fresco. No charge, no chains. But sticking to the private gardens, thing number one was that they were private. They were walled.

Now walls can be beautiful things. Poets have plainted until it is familiar, that walls can shut as much in as they shut out, and vice versa (which surely covers the situation). A wall is not necessarily unfriendly to the passer-by and the neighbors. They can be vine grown, the walls can, moss grown, tinted plaster as are various walls in Mediterranean countries, or dry stone walls, or white-washed brick—not unbeautiful in themselves, quite as interesting as flat lawns, and suggesting above all that ineffable thing, another of the three things a good garden should have, mystery.

I remember in a Caribbean town once, with a City Bank man, one of those fellows they lynch now down in

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the Panhandle if he dares propose to a white girl, riding up in a low-neck hack with an ambulating horse and a driver who slept, a street of walls. On the right, the purple bougainvillea bloomed along an old wall of ocher plaster washed by tropic rains to a soft brown, through which in broken places, the red brick showed. It was topped by red tiles that straddled it. Over them fiery poinsettias on their frail stems glowed and, higher, palm trees clashed their fans in the trade wind. The street was a vista of walls, some blue, some pink, some that were white, all washed to pastel tones and vaguely green with moss in shaded angles. Rows of giant eucalyptus trees stood up the street between the deep arroyos of the gutters and the sidewalks of brick where star grass and small ferns and more moss grew in the chinks. Passing up it, Tom and I could see through old grilled gates, the villas within, and through key of heaven arches, patios, sometimes a statue of the Virgin in its own little nook of greenery, and frequently fountains that glistened and tinkled. These glimpses suggested the arcana of each household in and out of doors where families and friends could enjoy the peace, a spiritually enriching calm, of privacy. They were redolent of suggestion of the things we could not see.

Miss Jones's charming pictures of intimate Spanish gardens were a revelation of the things one would be rarely privileged to see within such walls. Intimate they can be called advisedly. They do not have to be the large parks of the very wealthy. What we familiarly refer to here in America as a backyard can do. Privacy is the thing, a usable privacy with benches, pergolas and tables where one can be out of doors and work or relax, talk, think or not think, eat, drink, read THE COMMONWEAL, doze or stare at the ceaseless intricacies of nature.

Mystery, as has been said, is the second thing. That is, a garden, when you are in it, should not be something that can be taken in with a click of the eye. It should be broken up by green planes into divisions like the rooms of a house, so that there are arches to go through, corners to turn, surprises, variety. Celeste should be able to entertain her young man in one corner, while Father and Mother are reading the funny paper in another and Jackie is doing his algebra in still another, without all stewing together and unwittingly irritating each other. Then the soft murmur of voices heard over a clipped hedge can have so much fascination; the scarcely heard words, the small snatches of sense caught here and there, can distract one so effectively from the platitude being spoken to one's face. I have read that Gaugin used to have a phrase carved over the door of his hut in Tahiti warning that women, if they wanted to be happy, should be mysterious. Gardens should have the same quality, whether one is going to live with them day in and day out or merely cast an admiring passing eye. Plainness—all things within reasonable proportions, of course!—is a nemesis of our times, one that usually springs from an assumption of false absolutes.

And walls, considering a garden now from the inside, can contribute to its variety, add the vertical dimension to the other two, increase the garden's surface. They present possibilities for creepers, espaliered trees, niches for statuettes or statues and wall fountains. In one Spanish garden, in one of its segments, the wall was used for a formalized small stage, a sort of permanent Norman Bel Geddes set—if I was more of an antiquarian, I suppose I should be able to refer it to a Greek origin. This was not a lushing thing, not a toy for millionaires only; it needed very little room and not many bricks; there was space for about a dozen or twenty people in front of the stage and about a half dozen at most on it, if they did not move around too much or riot.

Third, now the third and last thing, a double thing, possibly something which is not so generally, broadly applicable as the other two, is the ingenious manner in which in many Spanish gardens, the plane green surfaces that divide them into various usable units are of cypress trees planted very close together, cypresses that are green the year around, winter and summer, that can be trimmed like box in solid green walls, cost far less than evergreen box and can be transplanted more easily and set up in walls of a greater height than box without waiting for the magnificent slowness of the latter. These green walls are practically the only rooted things. Against them are set potted oleanders, pots of poinsettias, forsythia, mimosa, catalpas, magnolia, and bright blooms of small potted plants, geraniums, fuchsias, tulips, nasturtiums, zinnias and so on. The economy of gardening, the control of watering, the ease of forcing by this method are obvious, as well as the potential shifting, arranging and rearranging, the removal of plants that are through blooming and their replacement by blooming ones, control of sun and shade for sick plants and other desirable possibilities that will suggest themselves to the gardener. The possibilities are beyond word-painting, though they may readily be imagined by the reader, because they are susceptible to so many personal interpretations. The evergreen walls are the frame and the potted plants and flowers are notes that can be played with in symphonies of living things.

There they are, privacy, mystery and variety. Forests, plains, mountains, seas, tennis courts, football fields, cities and the whole rest of the cosmos can be outside, but a garden for real enjoyment should be closed . . . secret, a refuge.

Loch Shieldaig

As motionless our boat at anchor lay,
After a day-long tossing on steep seas,
In the unruffled quiet of the bay,
And the young moon swung clear of the dark trees,

Slowly across the amber afterglow
Shadow on shadow through the silvering gloam
The heron sailed, majestically slow,
Like souls of ghostly heroes coming home—

Shadow on shadow stealing in slow flight
Against the embers of day's dying fire.
Like souls of heroes from some ancient fight
Seeking the haven of their heart's desire.

WILFRED GIBSON.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Players Revive "Uncle Tom"

A MERE list of the troupers and artists who have appeared at one time or another in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would evoke the history of the American stage since the Civil War. In their program of the present revival, the Players give such a list. Otis Skinner, who heads the present cast, first played Uncle Tom in 1877 when only nineteen years of age. Wilton Lackaye, David Belasco and Lawrence Barrett have also played Tom. And the little Evas—Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Mary Pickford, Effie Shannon and Annie Russell, to name but a few of the better known. The immortal Topsy has had both male and female interpreters, including on one side Fred Stone and on the other Lotta Crabtree.

The list can now be extended to include, in addition to Otis Skinner, other members of the present cast: none other than Fay Bainter as Topsy, Elizabeth Risdon as Eliza, Pedro de Cordoba as George Harris, Cecilia Loftus as Aunt Chloe, John Daly Murphy as Marks, the lawyer, Sylvia Field as Marie St. Clare, Ernest Glendinning as St. Clare himself, Thomas Chalmers as Simon Legree, Mary Nash as Cassie and little Lois Shore as Eva. This distinguished cast has managed somehow to extract some of the old magic of the theatre from the venerable script. It is only at rare moments that the temptation to "spoof" the play becomes irresistible, as in the escape of Eliza and George Harris in the rocky pass in the hills. I wish the temptation had been resisted entirely, for we should then have had one of the most amazing object lessons of this decade in the power of sheer make-believe and good acting to surmount the prejudices and cynicism of a modern audience.

The truth is, of course, that "Uncle Tom" has all the elements of good theatre. Many an ultra-serious revival suffers from lack of equally good play material. It is only in scattered lines here and there that the oversimple motivations that satisfied playgoers of the early Victorian era seem ridiculous. For the most part a serious approach —serious, that is, in the strictly theatrical sense—manages to bring a sense of credibility. Take, for example, the classic black villain of the American stage, Simon Legree. If you want to sense the true genius of the theatre, watch the way in which Thomas Chalmers humanizes the part. The audience, bred in the mocking tradition of Chris Morley's Hoboken enterprise, does duly hiss Legree on every available occasion. But this is mere by-play. The amazing thing is that it is not until the fatal lines, "I, too, was nursed at the bosom of a mother," that illusion completely breaks down. Up to that time, and again after the lines are uttered, Mr. Chalmers makes Legree a villain of real parts. And note, too, that even the above lines are inserted for a reason that is supposed to have been foreign to the black and white days of Victorian judgments. Legree is not intended to be all black. He is meant to be as much a "victim of environment" as the most skilfully drawn gangster of modern melodrama.

Of course no end of praise is due to Otis Skinner for softening the bare outlines of the play. He plays the part for utter sincerity and achieves his goal. There is no laugh, for example, when he comes to the famous lines, "You may own my body, but my soul belongs to God." Mr. Skinner makes it a simple declaration of faith, and the audience, subdued by his consummate art, accepts it as just that. It is going too far to say that this should be listed among Mr. Skinner's great parts. Anyone who has seen the dean of American actors play Falstaff in "Henry IV" knows that his Uncle Tom is merely a straight characterization handled with artistic restraint. But his work does show to what extent the successful illusion of the theater depends upon skilled and sincere acting. It makes one believe more than ever in actors and less in the genius of playwrights and dialogue writers.

I think the Players stepped out of their rôle of serious revivalists in entrusting Eva to Lois Shore. Miss Shore, who was once one of the luminaries of the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, is essentially a comic. She is, by her special talent, much more Topsy than Eva. The audience seemed to appreciate this thoroughly, as all the early appearances of Eva provoked laughter. It was not until the death scene that, thanks largely to Otis Skinner, a little of the true sentimentality of Eva's story began to be felt. A serious and wraith-like Eva would have done much to heighten the illusion of a serious play, albeit one that would still permit an occasional smile of superiority from the alleged knowing ones.

After all, the epic of "Uncle Tom" is one of the most amazing facts in American history. Whether rightly or wrongly, Mrs. Stowe's book contributed largely to a gigantic fratricidal war. It once stirred a whole nation to its depths. It achieved the power of folk-lore so far as this continent is concerned. Its dramatization was a necessity. And what dramatizations it has had! From A. L. Aiken's version, which, as revised by A. E. Thomas, forms the basis of the present revival, to the hundreds of itinerant "Tom Shows" which have wandered up and down every part of this land, no story has so woven itself into the theatrical tradition of a people. Scenes from it have served as vehicles for selling patent medicines. Troupes of vagabond actors have made a living out of it for half a century. No village is so small that at some time it has not harbored a "Tom Show." "Tom Shows" with music, and "Tom Shows" without music, "Tom Shows" with two Evas and two Topsys, musical shows, such as "Topsy and Eva" of a few years back, stock company productions, all star revivals, like that of William A. Brady in 1901—take it or leave it, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whether on the printed page or on the stage, is part of the fiber of American life. For this reason, I wish the Players had gone one step farther in making their revival completely serious. In that mood, it might have brought with it a touch of the nostalgia which should, every now and then, catch hold of people too preoccupied with the affairs of the moment. I should have enjoyed more an evening of unabashed sentimentality, of the softness of wide Southern homes, of the rich color of the slave marts, of the grim isolation of Louisiana plantations, and of the pathos of a familiar story a hundred times told. (At the Alvin Theater.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

GUARANTY OF BANK DEPOSITS

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editor: If the colonists had not had supreme, unshakable confidence in the justice of their cause, they would not have established our republic. Lack of faith in the country's future and hoarding of money as well as want of buying power among jobless millions and waste in government were principal factors in continuing the slump of 1929. The currency outstanding early this year was a billion dollars larger than after the Wall Street crash.

President Roosevelt's energetic and constructive leadership has revived drooping hopes and vitalized national morale. Balancing of the budget will strengthen this new spirit of confidence in business and industrial circles. With regard to the banks, however, other measures are required. Archbishop Michael J. Curley contends that the return of confidence "will be hastened very considerably when the bank robbers who do an inside job find themselves behind the bars of our now crowded penitentiaries." He sees a healthy sign in recent governmental efforts to punish "higher-ups in the bank-busting racket." Though acting as a deterrent, the imprisonment of financial pirates who operated behind mahogany desks will not offer assurance against blunders or fraud in the future.

There is a widespread demand that the banking business be placed under strict control of the federal government, and all state banks abolished. Such a move would encounter strong opposition based on the democratic theory of states' rights and fear of federal monopoly. Less drastic, equally effective and applicable to state and federal banks alike would be the guaranty of bank deposits.

This safeguard was advocated by Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit early in 1932 as a most potent means of restoring the public confidence so essential to prosperity. He pointed out that lack of trust forced the banks to keep on hand large liquid funds for possible emergencies, and this curtailed credit for business. The same point was made in February of this year by a group of economists of Michigan University. They contended that the ineffective relief measures then applied would cost the government more than would insurance of deposits. A committee of industrialists, farm leaders and financiers, headed by Frank A. Vanderlip, urged a sweeping guaranty just before the bank holiday. Senator W. G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, likewise proposed such insurance in conjunction with a unification of our forty-nine bank systems into one national whole.

Then came the national bank holiday with the government virtually taking possession of national banks, separating the sheep from the goats, pumping new currency into the Federal Reserve System, reopening the solvent institutions and reorganizing others. It has set a precedent in Detroit by establishing a new bank which is taking over the assets of two huge national groups with 800,000 depositors and $500,000,000 on their deposit records. Half of the $25,000,000 capital was furnished by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the other half by the General Motors Corporation. Both the corporation and the government will offer their stock at the original price to depositors, stockholders and other Detroiters when business improves. This partly government-owned institution is to become a model for similar banks in other large cities.

It is scarcely to be presumed that the government could or would wish to own half of the stock in all banks throughout the country. What is the alternative, especially after the present emergency passes? "Strict government control, federal or state, of all banks," you may reply. Opponents contend that a government guaranty is impractical as long as the banks are privately operated. Before a government, state or federal, grants a guaranty, they justly contend, it must have full power to say how a bank shall be managed. This involves a force of inspectors, supervisors, etc., and opens the door to heavy expenditures and bureaucracy.

Would the expense approach the colossal sums lost in recent years in bank failures? As for the new officials necessary, does the government not regulate other public utilities which are not nearly as vital to public welfare as banking? True, no plan or machinery eliminates the human factor, and the only absolute assurance of integrity is character grounded in Christian morals. But legal and governmental safeguards minimize the danger of error and fraud resulting from human frailty. This is evident from the few failures in Canada where a compact system of banks is operated privately under charter from the government and with restrictions on loans, etc.

Guaranty of deposits, it is further objected, puts a premium on bad banking. Fire insurance has led some men to burn their homes and business; but these crimes have not done away with fire insurance nor led to general incendiarism.

It also is pointed out that a number of states have tried and abandoned the guaranty scheme. Ashton C. Shallenberger, former governor of Nebraska, replies that the failure in his state resulted from too many banks and too few competent bankers (Detroit *News*, February 25). He says that "limitation of bank charters of depository banks to the necessary requirements of business" and "proper certificates of character and ability from officers and managers" are essential safeguards to successful guaranty. Dr. John A. Ryan, noted Catholic economist, believes that possibly some of the systems that failed could have got through the panic if their guaranty funds had been made larger by a heavier tax.

If the guaranty plan were applied to national banks, competition soon would compel state governments to make the scheme at least optional for state banks, lest the federal banks have an unfair advantage in getting business. Adoption of this safeguard by some state banks would act similarly on other local institutions. Already the New York legislature is considering a bill which would create a corporation to guarantee all deposits and which would require every bank accepting deposits to become a member.

The cost of such insurance could be assessed to depositors and banks, thus relieving the government of ad-

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ditional expenditures, other than those of strict supervision. Senator Hamilton Lewis of Illinois has drawn up a plan under which both depositors and banks would contribute a percentage assessment to a fund to be used to cover losses through failures. The funds could be invested in government bonds, as is suggested under a nation-wide mutual insurance organization proposed by some Philadelphia business men for national banks. Also the Cleveland Clearing House Association is reported to be working on such a scheme.

Is it unreasonable to assume that, in view of the huge losses they have suffered in recent years, depositors would be willing to pay even a considerable assessment for protection of their future savings? Of course, there is no question of insuring deposits corresponding to frozen assets under the old set-up.

Government ownership of all banks would make deposit insurance superfluous, but losses caused by failures would be borne by all taxpayers, even those not directly benefited. The alternative is the guaranty plan under government supervision with those who are reimbursed for losses defraying the cost of insurance. Surely no one wants to return to the old system with many failures every year, even in days of comparative prosperity.

ANTHONY J. BECK.

NEW LIGHT ON BIRTH CONTROL

Paris, France.

TO the Editor: Father Bart Hartwell, in his letter of May 5 to THE COMMONWEAL, misses, I am sorry to say, the one important issue which my own letter of April 12 was dealing with.

THE COMMONWEAL of March 8 published an article by Mr. Smothers which was a passionate plea in favor of depopulation, of contracted families, not through abstention, as recommended by Malthus, but through medical knowledge, which, Father Hartwell admits most people will not distinguish from the practice of contraception. What attracted my attention and what my letter was emphasizing was the contrast between that article and those on the same subject published during the past two years by THE COMMONWEAL.

Now that central part of the question does not seem to interest Father Hartwell. He does write that people unused to theological subtleties "will see no difference between what one may call unnatural birth control and birth control by self-control (abstention)." But when I see him using this entirely misleading word, "abstention," where Mr. Smothers did not for one moment mean abstention, I wonder if he has read Mr. Smothers's article or completely misunderstood it.

Many students read THE COMMONWEAL. Who will caution them against the unscholarly habit of approaching a subject from an insufficient angle, of sticking *banderillas* into it instead of manfully looking it in the face? What a marvelous model Newman is, in this respect as in so many others! His power mostly lies in his absolute honesty. Let the young be sure of this.

ERNEST DIMNET.

AN APPEAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Again following its practice of many years, the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions, with offices at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, makes a special appeal for one of its neediest missions. Our appeal at this time is in answer to the urgent and touching letter of Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., the Superior of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota. Father Schiltz pleads:

"Our boys had just retired for the night when fire broke out, almost totally destroying our fine boys' building. It is true there was no loss of life, thanks to God's watchful Providence. Had the fire occurred an hour later it is most probable that dozens of young Indian boys would have been burned to death. They were led to safety, however, by our Jesuit Scholastics and Brothers. The insurance company will allow us a substantial sum with which to rebuild but we still need $5,000 or more to complete the building. We must rebuild, but we cannot unless you help us. The banks will loan us nothing and there is no way that we can get the needed money except through your charity. If you fail us, our boys' building cannot be erected at this time. This will mean a suspension of our work for the boys of this mission, during which period many of them will drift away and be lost to the Faith and the excellent training of the past for some will in a sense have been in vain."

St. Francis Mission is one of the most successful missions of the country. Its schools for boys and girls have no equals in the mission country. If we fail St. Francis now, many an Indian boy may be lost to the Faith. I know that you will all respond as generously as possible to Father Schiltz's appeal and in return God will bless you abundantly.

RT. REV. MGR. WILLIAM J. FLYNN,
Secretary General of Marquette League.

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Milwaukee, Wis.

TO the Editor: I am sorry to see from this week's issue that THE COMMONWEAL has had to reduce its size on account of economic conditions, but as we had to do the same thing a year ago I can readily appreciate the need for it. However, I echo your observation that, after all, a magazine must be judged by its contents and certainly the contents of THE COMMONWEAL are such as to put it in the very first rank of religious periodicals.

May I call attention to a correction in your review of Father Dunphy's new book, "The Living Temple," on page 28 of the issue of May 5? Father Dunphy is not the editor of the *Living Age* nor yet of the *Living Church* which I presume your reviewer intended to say. He is a professor at Nashotah House, Nashotah, Wisconsin, and our literary editor, that is, the editor of our book review page. Would it be convenient for you to make a correction of this in an early issue?

CLIFFORD P. MOREHOUSE,
Editor, The Living Church.

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BOOKS

Chinese Schools

The Reorganization of Education in China, by League of Nations Mission of Educational Experts. Paris, 1932: League of Nations Institute of Intellectual Coöperation.

THE Chinese government, at the May meeting (1931) of the League of Nations, inquired of the Council whether the Technical Organizations of the League would collaborate in the preparations of a scheme of reform of the system of education in China. Pursuant to a decision adopted on May 19, 1931, a commission of experts visited China. The personnel of the commission comprised educational authorities from Prussia, Poland, England and France—all Europeans.

Two points were stressed: the examination of the present educational system, and the possibility of international coöperation. The result of their investigations is the volume under review. It is divided into two parts: Part I deals with general considerations; Part II, with the different stages of instruction, meaning primary education, secondary education, university education. The volume is completed by a chapter on adult education, and an appendix of suggestions for preparatory reform.

Less than half the estimated total of 138,000,000 Chinese children of school age are found in the Chinese schools. In higher education the total student body in September, 1931, was 33,847 (less than those attending Columbia University in New York). Of this number 3,500 were women and 30,347 male students. There are fifty-nine universities, of which fifteen are national, seventeen provincial, and twenty-seven registered private universities.

The first criticism that can be made is that of the fifteen national universities, ten are found in the cities of Peiping, Shanghai, Canton, while of the seventeen provincial universities, nine are in Tientsin, Tai-yuan-fu, Cheng-tu. This concentration might be defended on the grounds of density of population or ease in reaching these centers of population by river or railroad. But on the ground of economy in administration and cost to the student, the validity of such an argument appears small.

A partial explanation is found in that missionary effort has built up in Shanghai, Tientsin, Peiping, an educational clientele over a series of years, which would be subject to unfair expense, if the foreign endowed and maintained universities were compelled to change their locale. The explanation, however, does not help the distribution of higher learning.

In courses students are allowed too much latitude of choice. Within the national universities, 24.5 per cent are studying liberal arts, 21.3 per cent law, and 19.3 per cent engineering, while those in the medical courses are only 3.7 per cent, agricultural courses 3.1 per cent and educational courses 6.1 per cent. Apparently technology and natural sciences are suffering from a process of incipient atrophy, while political, legal and literary studies are the subject of an increasing hypertrophy. A situation by no means fortunate from the national outlook.

The commission sets out the curiculum on pages 106-

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107, with the credit percent allowed to each subject, of which the highest is foreign language 16.7, Chinese language 15.6, mathematics 12.2, and the principles of the Kuomintang and civics 7.8; while the elective courses are allowed 12 percent. The foreign language is usually English. It is curious to note that physics and chemistry amount to only 9.1 percent and biology to 5.1 percent. Thus an indifferent English scholar might score 50 percent of credits or 8.3 percent against a first class physics credit of 3.9 percent. No doubt experience as to how the system works will, in time, correct its present unbalanced presentation. Considerable stress is laid in the report upon the adoption of the American system of credits and its ultimate use to the Chinese people, on which the report says (page 28): "The fundamental problem which arises in regard to education in China is not a question of imitation, but of creation and adaptation." This is a truism, because European and American civilization will not play any more important function in Chinese education than precept and utility command.

The law compelling each institution to have a Chinese at its head tends, and will increasingly tend, to compel attention to Chinese civilization. The possible incrustation of American and European educational standards and methods will be evanescent, because China is a country of long-established traditions and a slow-evolving civilization which cannot be shed like a garment.

The Chinese are not a new race in a formative condition, but a race passing from one stage of development to another, and it will, indubitably, search again into its ancient background, then look forward once more, adopting such Western means as are appropriate to Chinese mentality; and from its past, as also from science as we know it today, will build again an age of civilization which will make its own unique contribution to the solution of its own educational problems and thereby push forward the world's sum total of knowledge.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Richard the Great

The Life of Richard Wagner, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

RICHARD THE GREAT has not lacked biographers. The list which Mr. Newman offers by way of a prelude is sufficiently imposing, and yet was not intended to be exhaustive. What then is the reason for publishing still another? One may reply by asserting that Mr. Newman seems destined to write not the most brilliant or startling but probably the most useful and discriminating book about Wagner. The first volume will, at any rate, convince those who take the trouble to compare it, point for point, with earlier works on the same subject that the author writes with uniform good sense.

Here the story is carried as far as 1848 during which year Wagner plunged headlong into the revolutionary activities of the time. The first pages go carefully over the debatable ground of ancestry, parentage and childhood —a ground which will probably never be explored in its entirety and which is strewn with pitfalls for the unwary.

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It seems to me that Mr. Newman's version of the Geyer problem is wholly reasonable, and he avoids the blunder of assuming that Wagner may have inherited a marked Semitic strain. The details of his training and apprenticeship as a musician are also very well told, though one may legitimately refrain from accepting all the psychological explanations advanced.

One of the best chapters in the book is devoted to the state of music in Germany during the eighteenth century. The status of the composer or virtuoso was then a relatively unhappy one; and our biographer boldly asserts that if Wagner "had been less willing to live at other people's expense he would never have accomplished a quarter of the work he was sent into the world to do." Among the precedents established by Wagner none is, perhaps, more remarkable than his success in making opera writing a doorway to wealth and dominion.

The rest of the volume deals with the early struggles and wanderings of the master. He went to Koenigsberg and Riga, journeyed to London, "conquered" Paris and returned to Dresden. Musically speaking, this is the period of development from "Die Feen" to "Lohengrin." It affords the student endless room for speculation, and Mr. Newman takes full advantage of the opportunity. But he does not neglect the specifically biographical, though one may feel that his judgment here is sometimes a bit too categorical.

Work so excellently documented and on the whole so convincingly sound ought to receive a full measure of appreciation. Mr. Knopf has set the large book in clear Bodoni type, with which no fault is likely to be found. One feels, however, that the manner in which the illustrations are presented might well have been somewhat less bizarre.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Beautiful Nonsense

A Draft of XXX Cantos, by Ezra Pound. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50

MR. POUND is said to have originally conceived his plan of the "Cantos" in 1908. The first three were published in 1917; later appeared in book form the first sixteen, then the seventeenth to the twenty-seventh, and now, after publication in a limited edition, the first three-tenths of the projected number are made available.

What are the "Cantos?" According to Mr. Pound, they are the parts of "a poem of some length"; according to others, they are the greatest poetry of our time; a history of our time; an arrestation of the flux of time; a tremendous extension of poetic sensibility; "an inexhaustible reference book of verse forms"; a senseless olla podrida of versified Renaissance business letters, the genealogy of the Malatesta family of Rimini, risqué chestnuts, and snatches of older verse, observations, and sheer perversity. To at least one reviewer, the last two descriptions seem the most apt: the "Cantos" are an all but meaningless succession of images and phrases which are fraught with enough significance to the mind of Mr. Pound for him to have put them into the most accomplished verse of the century.

The Might-Have-Been

Had Macaulay been (a) a Celt (b) a historian, he would have written something like DAVID MATTHEW'S

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If but a few fragments of the "Cantos" descend to posterity, he will rate with posterity as Sappho rates with us; and this will be insured not only by the high praise which he has received but also by the fact that in places—when the meaning of a fragment need not be related to a larger meaning—the "Cantos" are of the best poetry. As a whole, they are essentially obscure—and exasperating. They are, as it were, a cinematograph of the mind of Ezra Pound at work (or drifting) amongst the riches of its erudition and experience, and the mode of these moving pictures is not light and shadow but a skilful prosody.

The genius of Mr. Pound for poetic technique has made him the most influential poets' poet of the age, and the debt to him of the best contemporary free verse writers—Messrs. Eliot, MacLeish, Aiken, Larsson—is evident and has been acknowledged. But for the average reader of good poetry (a rare enough person) there can be little delight in the "Cantos"; ignoring the difficulties of Mr. Pound's obscure learning, there remains the obscurity of the parade of images which Mr. Pound presents; his juxtaposition of materials out of different periods of time has its full meaning only in his own mind—Italian quatrocento wars, cant, talk, Greek mythology, and munitions manufacturers, if poetry is to be achieved from them, must have a more intrinsic cohesion than is afforded by their common situation in the mind of the poet. This, no doubt, is to call the "Cantos" nonsense verses—which they are in effect though not in intention, but with a beauty that must cause more sighs than laughter.

GEOFFREY STONE.

Eleven Stories

Corn and Cockle, by Most Rev. P. E. Magennis, O. Carm. Dublin, Ireland: M. H. Gill and Son Ltd. 5s.

OUT OF the wealth of more than forty years' experience as a priest Father Magennis issues "Corn and Cockle," a collection of eleven stories that embrace the glittering triumvirate of good writing—clarity, directness and simplicity. All the stories combine within their individual telling definite reasons for their being. While the story is the main motif, in each instance there are many passages that reveal the rich working of the mind of an essayist reaching the placement of a high ideal.

Father Magennis abides with youth and is most interested in its mental peregrinations. As general of the Order of Carmelites for twelve years and assistant general for nine years, he has visited many lands and given ear to their hopes and fears. He is now a curate in New York.

"Corn and Cockle" carries one from the Ireland of the Druids in its awakening to Christianity in "Their Hearts' Desire" through characteristic literary fields in Brazil, Russia, Italy, the United States and back again to the writer's beloved Ireland. It is splendid material to place in the hands of young people and it must prove edifying and instructive to men and women of all ages.

Father Magennis has written a great deal, much of his output having been in the Latin vulgate, and he has many popular works in English.

EDWARD J. BREEN.

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Briefer Mention

The New International Year Book; edited by Frank H. Vizetelly. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. $6.25.

THE 1932 "Year Book" is the thirty-first in the series. Those who have used it know how valuable a work of reference it is—how well planned, how suitably arranged and how carefully prepared. Dr. Vizetelly has managed to make the work involved seem friendly collaboration, and his own preface to this volume is one of the best things in it. All important fields of activity the world over are dealt with. One can range from politics to sport, from literature to railways, and be sure of finding an adequate chronicle of recent events. There are many fine illustrations. Among the first-rate summaries in the present volume are John B. Andrews's "Labor Legislation," Thomas F. Meehan's "Roman Catholic Church," Ralph W. Carey's "Drama and Theatre" and Marcus Benjamin's "Chemistry." These and many other writers are genuine authorities. "The New International Year Book" is an indispensable addition to the library.

A Man Named Luke, by March Cust. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of this first novel, a young Englishwoman, ought in the future to be heard from. She knows how to write, she possesses imagination, and a sense of character. And, rarer still, she possesses a feeling for the mystery of personality. But the trouble with her present book is that she has tried to do too much. Miss Cust is apparently a believer in the indestructibility of human life, but only in the first portion, which she calls "Reverie" does she make us accept her premise. The middle section, "Dream," is too utterly confused, and in it her material gets quite beyond her control, while the realism of her final portion, "Sleep," is evidently not her metier. But once Miss Cust really decides upon her method, and gets down to the elimination which every artist must attain, she ought to go far. Hers is a very real talent, a talent which bears touches of the spirit which informs the work of both Algernon Blackwood and Walter de la Mare.

Christian Marriage: A Doctrinal and Historical Study, by George H. Joyce, S. J. New York: Sheed and Ward. $5.00.

MOST people are ready to concede that marriage is a problem, but few have any conception of the theological difficulties and complications involved. Father Joyce, professor of theology at Heythrop and author of several books, has written an excellent summary of these matters. No literature of importance seems to have escaped his attention, and an attitude of "sweet reasonableness" characterizes his own thinking. Of course he does not clear up everything, and debates about particular points are sure to continue. Even so, this treatise is so vastly better than anything else available in English that one recommends it confidently.

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Agricultural Systems of Middle Europe; edited by O. S. Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

PROFESSOR MORGAN, of Columbia University, believes that the world situation of agriculture exacts a measure of understanding and coöperation between farmers in the United States and those of Europe. He has therefore brought together a series of papers dealing with "a contiguous group of Middle Eastern European states," and he believes that in these states, so gravely affected by the crisis, significant developments are bound to occur. Authorities on rural economy in Poland, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece contribute their views, all of which hinge more or less upon the conception of Pan-Europe. The material thus brought together is not easily obtainable and is of decided value.

The Universe of Science, by H. Levy. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

SCIENCE cannot be made a pure specialty—a mere theory of relationships—if man is to be served, argues Professor Levy. It must be expounded to the average citizen by "philosophical scientists." The book is primarily an attack upon the views sponsored by Jeans and Eddington of whose "idealism" the author disapproves.

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